

Continued From Last Issue



## CHAPTER VIII.

A number of times during the following year, and finally on the anniversary of the Sands tragedy, Bob carried the Exchange to the verge of panic, only to turn the market and save "the Street" in the end. His profits were fabulous. Already his fortune was estimated to be between two and three hundred millions, one of the largest in the world. His name had become one of terror wherever stocks were dealt in. Wall street had come to regard his every deal, from the moment that he began operations, as inevitably successful. Now and again he would jump into the market when some of the plunging cliques had a bear raid under way, and would put them to rout by buying everything in sight and bidding up prices until it looked as though he intended to do as extraordinary work on the upside as he was wont to do on the down. At such times he was the idol of the Exchange, which worships the man who puts prices up as it hates him who pulls them down. Once when war news flashed over the wires from Washington and rumor had the cabinet members, senators, and congressmen selling the market short on advance information, when the "Standard Oil" banks had put up money rates to 150 per cent and a crash seemed inevitable, Bob suddenly smashed the loan market by offering to lend one hundred millions at four per cent; and by buying and bidding up prices at the same time, he put the whole Washington crowd and its New York accomplices to disastrous rout and caused them to lose millions. He continued his operations with increasing violence and increasing profits up to the fourth anniversary of the tragedy. On the intervening anniversary I had been compelled by self-interest and fear that he would really pull down the entire Wall street structure, to rush in and fairly drag him off. But with his growing madness my influence was waning. Each raid it was with greater difficulty that I got his ear.

Finally, on the fourth anniversary, in a panic that seemed to be running into something more terrible than any previous, he savagely refused to accede to my appeal, telling me that he would not stop, even if Randolph & Randolph were doomed to go down in the crash. It had become known on the floor that I was the only one who could do anything with him in his frenzies, and my pleading with him in the lobby was watched by the members of the Exchange with triple eyed suspense. When it was clear from his

I had plunged his life into him, struck his forehead with aounding blow, and into his wild eyes came a sickening look of terror.

"Stop, Jim, for God's sake, don't say that to me. My cup is full now. Don't tell me I am to have that crime on my soul." He thought a moment. "I don't know whether you mean it, Jim, but I can take no chances, not for all the money in the world, not even for revenge. Wait here, Jim." He yelled for his brokers, and several rushed to him from different parts of the room. He sent them back into the crowd while he dashed for the Amalgamated pole. The door was saved.

Presently he came back to me. "Jim, I must have a talk with you. Come over to my office." When we got there he turned the key and stood in front of me. His great eyes looked full into mine. In college days, looking into their brown depths, by some magic I seemed to see the heroes and heroines of always happy-ending tales as the child sees enchanted creatures far back in the burning Yule log flames. But there were no joyous visions in the haunted depths of Bob's eyes that day.

"Jim, you gave me an awful scare," he said brokenly. "Don't ever do it again. I have little left to live for. To be sure I have some feeling for mother, Fred, and sisters. But for you I have a love second only to that I should have felt for Beulah had I been allowed to have her. The thought, Jim, that I had wrecked your life, with all you have to live for, would have been the last straw. My life is purgatory. Beulah is only an ever-present curse to me—a ghost that rends my heart and soul, one minute with a blind frenzy to revenge her wrongs, the next with an icy remorse that I have not already done so. If I did not have her, perhaps in time I could forget; perhaps I might lay out some scheme to help poor devils whose poverty makes life unendurable, and with the millions I have taken from the main shaft of hell I might do things that would at least bring quiet to my soul; but it is impossible with the living corpse of Beulah Sands before me every minute and that devil machinery whirling in my brain all the time the song, 'Revenge her and her father, revenge yourself.' It is impossible to give it up, Jim. I must have revenge. I must stop this machinery that is smashing up more American hearts and souls each year than all the rest of earth's grinders combined. Every day I delay, I become more fiendish in my de-

going to kill Beulah and himself, she laughed that sweet child's laugh and clapping her hands said, 'Bob is so good to play with Beulah, and I thought of that devil Reinhardt and the other fiends of the 'System' being left to continue their work unhindered and I could not do it. I must have revenge; I must smash that heart-crushing machinery. When I can go, and take Beulah with me. Now, Jim, let us have it clearly understood once and for all.'

Remorse and softness were past; he was the Indian again. I am going to wreck that hell-annex some day, and that some day will be the next time I start in. Don't argue with me, don't misunderstand me. To-day you stopped me. I don't know whether you meant what you threatened; I don't care now. It is just as well that I stopped, for the 'System's' machine will be there forever. I start in again. I don't know of its fiendishness, none of its destructive powers by grinding it down, on the contrary, as you know, it increases its speed every day it runs. Now, Jim Randolph, I want to tell you that you must get your affairs in such shape that you won't be hurt when I go into the human rat-pit the next time, for when I come from it the New York Stock Exchange and the 'System' will have had their spines unmade. Yes, and I'll have their hearts, too. Neither will ever be a part of the American people. Their savings and their manhood and their honor and give them in exchange for an unadulterated torment. I am going to be fair with you, Jim; this is the last time I will discuss the subject. After this you must take your chance with the rest of those who have to do with the cursed business. When I strike again, none will be spared. I will wreck 'the Street' and the innocent will go down with the guilty, if they have any stocks on hand at that time.

"My power, Jim, is unlimited; nothing can stay it. I am not going to explain any further. You have seen me work. You must know that my power is greater than the 'System's,' and you and I and 'the Street' have always known that the 'System' is more powerful than the government, more powerful than the courts, legislatures, congress, and the president of the United States combined, that it absolutely controls the foundation on which they rest—the money of the nation. But my power is greater, a thousand, yes, a million times greater than theirs. Jim, they say that I have made more money than any man in the world. They say that I have five hundred millions of dollars, but the fools don't keep track of my movements. They only know that I have pulled five hundred millions from my open whirled, the ones they have had an opportunity to keep tab on. But I tell you that I have made even more in my secret deals than the amount they have seen me take. I have had my agents with my capital in every deal, every steal the 'System' has rigged up. The world has been throwing up its hands in horror because Carnegie, the blacksmith of Pittsburgh, pulled off three hundred millions of swag in the Steel hold-up—yes, swag, Jim. Don't scowl as though you wanted to read me a lecture on the coarseness of my language. I have learned to call this game of ours by its right name. It is not business enterprise with earned profits as results, but pulled-off tricks with bags of loot—black-jack swag—for their end.

"I got away with three hundred millions when Steel slumped from 105 to 50 and from 50 to 8, and no one knew I'd made a dollar. You and 'the Street' read every morning last year the 'guesses' as to who could be rounding up hundreds of millions on the slump. The papers and the market letters one morning said it was Standard Oil; the next, that it was Morgan; then it was Frick, Schwab, Gates, and so on down through the list. Of course, none of them denied; it is capital to all these knights of the road to be making millions in the minds of the world, even though they never get any of the money. Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild never were fonder of having the daring hold-ups that other highwaymen perpetrated laid to their doors, than are these modern bandits of being credited with ruthless deeds, that they did not commit. But Jim, 'twas I who sold Pennsylvania every morning for a year, while the selling was explained by the press as 'Cassatt cutting down Gould's telegraph poles. Gould and old man Rockefeller selling Pennsylvania to get even.' Jim Randolph, I have to-day a billion dollars, not the Rockefeller or Carnegie kind, but a real billion. If I had no other power but the power to call to-morrow for that billion in cash, it would be sufficient to lay in waste the financial world before to-morrow night. You are welcome, Jim, to any part of that billion, and the more you take the happier you will make me, but when I strike in again, don't attempt to stay me, for it will do no good."

(CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE)



"In Ten Minutes You Will Get Word That Jim Randolph Has Cut His Throat."

emphatic gestures and raised voice—for he was in a reckless mood from drink and madness and took no pains to disguise his intentions—that I could not prevail upon him, there was a frantic rush for the poles to throw over stocks in advance of him. Suddenly, after I had turned from him in despair, there flashed into my mind an idea. The situation was desperate. I was dealing with a madman, and I decided that I was justified in making this last try. I rushed back to him. "Bob, good-bye," I whispered in his ear, "good-bye. In ten minutes you will get word that Jim Randolph has cut his throat!" He stopped as though

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Passing the Water.

On the hill by the spring where the winds along To the shade of an elm, through the and the song Of a June that is passed, I am true with joy To the little old schoolhouse when a boy! Through the shade and the sun at it hazel brush there I am idling along in a world dazle fair.

I am idling along with a pad on a way To the school. I am passing the water today!

From the spring, with the hill, I have filled it with water with my hand flying, but my playmates expectantly For the dipper to dipper upon the old gate. And a cold dripping draught of the water I have Down the pathway that leads to the spring.

I am passing it now with a smile I am To the boys and the girls who are waiting to drink!

Now I stand by HER dear old joy Is the sweetness of youth that is in a dream— I am standing again by the path that is won With a boy's true affection that is that I am standing again in a world of sorrow In a land that is ruled by a king's eyes! I am dreaming again where the meadow-larks play— And I'm happy! I'm passing the water to-day!

By the Way.

Why is it that a man always smiles when he tells a friend at the club that his wife is going away for the summer?

"It is so much harder to get along on \$12 a week when you were once worth a million," says an Ohio editor. Darn an alarm clock, anyhow!

A Pittsburg man complains because some one always steals his paper at the breakfast table while he is tucking his napkin under his chin. I didn't suppose they still wore their napkins that way in Pittsburg. But, by the way, why not take a Bible to breakfast? No one would steal that—in Pittsburg.



Some men just seem to keep a wife for the purpose of blaming things onto.

It costs money to hunt deer—no matter how you spell it.

A Kansas paper says, "When fleas bite greedily, expect rain." What does it mean when they just nibble around?

The quilting bee is to the woman what the rural barber shop is to the man—a clearing house for news.

If the average man were as well posted on politics as he is on baseball, he would vote with more intelligence.

You cannot blame the woman who married for love if she sort of has an idea she would like to have her daughter try it for money.

Love never pays the installments due on the furniture.

There is just as much space below the bottom of the ladder as above it.

Some men's ambitions never seem to get above the position of chambermaid in a livery stable.

Few men are so opposed to gambling that they would not accept as a wife a pretty young woman of good old New England stock.

Oculatory.

A daring thief Jack wrought last night On darling little Rose. He stole some things he wanted, right Beneath her very nose. —Philadelphia Press.

'Tis to be hoped that if fair Rose Returned the blissful smack Jack did not overlook a bet, But turned and kissed her back. —Houston Post.

That may be as they do this job Down in the sunny south, But if Jack lived here in the north He kissed her on the mouth. —The Commoner.

Yer Uncle By, fer one, would not Be quite so rude, by heck, As jist 't grab this Rosy girl And bite her in the neck!

Byron Williams



## A Heavy Load to Carry

"ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness and general ill-health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be properly digested, and its products assimilated by the system. On the other hand the blood is charged with poisons which come from this disordered digestion, and in turn the nerves are not fed on good, red blood, and we see symptoms of nervousness, sleeplessness and general breakdown. It is not head work that does it, but poor stomach work. With poor, thin blood the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip, bronchitis and consumption. Fortify the body at once with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a rare combination of native medicinal roots without a particle of alcohol or dangerous drugs.

No man is stronger than his stomach. Let the greatest athlete have dyspepsia and his muscles would soon fail. Physical strength is derived from food. If a man has insufficient food he loses strength. If he has no food he dies. Food is converted into nutrition through the stomach and bowels. It depends on the strength of the stomach to what extent food eaten is digested and assimilated. People can die of starvation who have abundant food to eat, when the stomach and its associate organs of digestion and nutrition do not perform their duty. Thus the stomach is really the vital organ of the body. If the stomach is "weak" the body will be weak also, because it is upon the stomach the

body relies for its strength. And as the body considered as a whole is made up of its several members and organs, so the weakness of the body as a consequence of "weak" stomach will be distributed among the organs which compose the body. If the body is weak because it is ill-nourished that physical weakness will be found in back and knees, in hands and feet equally. So also will the weakness be equally distributed among the organs heart, liver, kidneys, etc., being proportionately weak according to the amount of the reduction of their daily ration of nutrition.

By way of example take the case of the Assistant Treasurer of the Catholic Foresters at Quebec, Mr. Louis Pare who writes:

"For years after my health began to fail, my head grew dizzy, eyes pained me, and my stomach was sore all the time, while everything I would eat would seem to lie heavy like lead on my stomach. The doctors claimed that it was sympathetic trouble due to dyspepsia, and prescribed for me, and although I took their powders regularly yet I felt no better. My wife advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—and stop taking the doctor's medicine. She bought me a bottle and we soon found that I began to improve, so I kept up the treatment. I took on flesh, my stomach became normal, the digestive organs worked perfectly and I soon began to look like a different person. I can never cease to be grateful for what your medicine has done for me and I certainly give it highest praise."

## THE SECRET OUT.

To refute the many false and malicious attacks, bogus formulas and other untruthful statements published by competing and disgruntled medicine men concerning Dr. Pierce's World-famed Family Medicine the Doctor has decided to publish all the ingredients entering into his "Golden Medical Discovery." Hereafter every bottle of this medicine leaving the great Laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., will bear upon it a full list of all the ingredients entering into the compound, printed in plain English.

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